

Pretty Maids

"When It All Comes Down"

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I don't need your pity
Misbelief or sympathy
I don't need no doctor, shrink
Or psychotherapy
Who are you to say you're sorry
If I were to die
Who are you to complain
When you're got your piece of the pie
Out of the closet, out of your hole
Out of your hard earned place
But don't you push your luck
I'll take that big while grin
Straight off your face
Look at all those smiling faces
preaching on TV
I don't need their polities
To stir my fantasies
To watch the late night news
It scares me to the bone
When I read the papers
I feel naked and alone
When it all comes down
Is there anything that justifies

The things we do
When it all comes down
There's a reason for the pain
We must be goin' through
Same greasy dirty young man
Traveling to the cast
When a bird comes to flying
Further dreams can be released
Same little flashes
Waving banners cross your line
When at first you walk with me
You'll then set free the mind
I see my future
Being washed up on the shore
I feel I've been through this
I've seen it all before

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